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Many patients may be helped actively by occupation. Something to do with the hands, that interests, often alleviates the mental suffering, while exercise aids in metabolism and the elimination of toxins. Muscle work is primarily a question of nutrition. Briefly, the aims of mental nursing are three: 1, to secure recovery of the curable; 2, to ameliorate the depression, loneliness, and emptiness in the incurable; 3, to overcome pernicious habits in the chronic insane. Most insane life is a dream life. Possibly our most horrible dreams and nightmares may give a hint of the unreality of the insane mental state; so we can see why mental nursing demands the biggest and best souls to fill the great emptiness in the life of the mentally sick, and the joy which comes when light begins to flicker across the beclouded mind more than compensates for all effort that has been expended. May this joy be experienced by an increasing number of nurses, who through knowledge will eliminate the errors in mental and nervous nursing.

ACTIVE SERVICE ON THE WESTERN FRONT

BY EMMA QUANDT, R.N.

Chicago, Ill.

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A hypodermic of morphine was given the patient so that he would rest until morning, provided his condition or the nature of the wound did not need surgical attention in the operating theatre. I shall never forget my first convoy of wounded soldiers, twenty-seven stretcher cases, almost every one had to have an amputation of some member of the body. A number of my patients died from exposure in the trenches, because it had been about thirty-six hours before any aid could reach them. It was a pitiful sight to see these strong, healthy, young men, blind or crippled for life. The majority of the British Tommies are not pessimistic or down-hearted. The spirit that exists in Great Britain is, "We are fighting for a righteous cause, to crush out militarism in Germany."

On August 26th, my half day off, I arranged for a picnic. There were ten in our party, all members of our Unit. The woods were beautiful. The spot we selected was a hilly slope facing the Channel. The tide was in, the fishing craft were preparing to bring in their harvest of fish for the morning. There were about fifteen craft in all; they made a beautiful picture, sailing down the river into the ocean. The cuckoo was calling and the nightingale singing to us as

we spread our evening meal. In the distance the sound of cannonading and bombarding could be heard. One of the British officers, a guest in our party, remarked that the British had taken the offensive at Loos. My heart sank at every report of those terrible guns that thundered destruction to human beings. Our feast being over, we retired to our huts, much benefited by our little outing. At 10 p. m. we were awakened out of sound slumber by the night sister who informed us that we must proceed at once to the receiving huts for convoy, as there were 600 wounded being brought in. It did not take us long to slip into our uniforms as we were pretty well trained to emergency calls. I reached my ward in good time and had ten minutes' grace before the wounded arrived. When they came, there seemed to be no end to the stretcher bearers. My ward had a capacity for twenty-seven, but they actually brought in forty-three wounded, the worst cases, and in oh such horrible condition! I did not know where to begin first as there was scarcely stepping room. Two doctors, four orderlies and I dressed their wounds, bathed them, and gave them clean pajamas. Then hot chocolate and hot beef tea were served. After the patients had finished their drinks, they were removed to a base hospital in England and the ward was filled again with worse cases, probably, than the previous ones.

Fortunately my ward, belonged to one of our most eminent physicians whose genial smile acted as a tonic to every patient. The Tommies' general remark was: "The American medical officers treat us as human beings. They never are cross and always have a kind word for a poor crippled Tommy." They were most humble patients and appreciative persons. In their dying breath they thanked us again and again for the aid we rendered. Those that were so fortunate or, it may be, unfortunate, as to be sent back to the trenches, told their comrades of the kindness they had received at the American camp and prayed to be sent back to us in case they were wounded. During the battles of Loos, Hooge and Ypres, the Canadian No. 1 and the American 23rd General Hospitals were the only two that received honorable mention in the official dispatches as to efficiency, rapid evacuation and receiving the large convoys of wounded during these battles. Also, the entire nursing staff received the Royal Red Cross from King George. Our hospital must have deserved it, because the British Government does not give honors where they are not due.

The American Hospital Camp was situated in the midst of a hospital area surrounded by large concentration camps, a rather dangerous target for Zeppelins and not a great distance from the fighting line, as the heavy bombarding could be plainly heard when the attack

was on. Etaples is the village where Napoleon made his headquarters in the year of 1815 and amassed a million men with mud boats to cross the Channel and invade England. Fate was against him and he was taken prisoner in his mansion at Etaples. This mansion still remains the same as he left it. The natives are very proud of their historic village. The inhabitants are mostly fishermen of a dirty type. This territory is under British military law for the duration of the war. The military police made the natives clean the streets and establish sanitary conditions. To this new routine of living they objected very strenuously. Our camp lay within three-fourths of a mile from Etaples so we were frequent visitors in the village. Paris Plage, a fashionable summer resort, where American millionaires and the nobility of England spend the summer months during peace times, was within walking distance. The magnificent club house is turned into an officers' hospital, the large hotels, also, are taken by the British Government for hospitals. The wonderful bathing surf is closed and the entire city is devoid of pleasure seekers. A very few cafes are open, where one might obtain tea in the afternoon or dinner at meal times. A tramway runs between Etaples and Paris Plage, a distance of five miles, but it runs so slowly that it takes an hour to cover the distance, so we hardly ever waited for it. The use of automobiles for joy riding is forbidden by the government on account of the shortage of petrol which is saved for ambulances and transport trucks.

On April 25, 1916, the Zeppelins decided to visit Etaples. At 11.05 p. m. they announced their arrival directly over our camp by dropping an illuminating bomb. When this bomb explodes the whole area becomes as light as day so the aviators can tell where they are and can drop their bombs to advantage. Two fell a short distance from our camp but did not explode. Four fell a quarter of a mile away into the Australian reinforcements camps. It was rather exciting during the raid, the explosions were terrific, they shook the huts almost from their foundations. The night sister performed a heroic act in keeping the patients ignorant of the raid and assuring them there was no danger. A Scotchman was an exception, who remarked to sister, "You can't fool an old Scotcher. Them 'er Zeppelins come to pay their respects to the Americans." There were air craft guns mounted a short distance from the hospital camps, but they did not get busy until the Zeppelins were out of their reach. After this attack, orders were given that no lights were to be visible at night. In all of the huts, the windows were carefully shaded; the Tommies were not allowed to smoke a cigarette in the open. This new order threw great hardship on the shoulders of our

Matron, who took it upon herself to make rounds at the sisters' quarters to see that the lamps were shaded. The reception she received at some of the huts was not complimentary and her task of watchfulness was discontinued.

My service of one year in France was a most happy one. There is one regret, that I did not have all the money I wanted to spend on those poor crippled boys to make life seem more pleasant to them. The government furnished good food, but there are many little delicacies that might be provided that mean much to a seriously ill patient. The most heart-rending task was writing a dying Tommy's message to his people. One ended with these words: "Don't feel bad. The sisters and doctors have made my last hours comfortable and happy, God bless them."

The cemetery attached to our camp was kept up wonderfully well. On our arrival there were only a few graves. It did not take long to fill them, for the graves grew like mushrooms in a night. The officers' section lies toward the west and faces the Channel and the setting sun. The Tommies are buried two in a grave with white crosses at the head with the name and date and number of regiment. There are as many as fifty empty graves kept in waiting. I have seen as many as six funerals at one time. The services are read by the chaplain; the last post is sounded by three buglers for privates, and by five for officers. This is the most impressive part of the military funerals.

On October 22, 1916, one of our sisters answered the great roll call. She was stricken suddenly with spotted fever and was ill for only thirty-six hours. She now rests in the midst of fallen officers and Tommies to whom she gave her tender care. Her body was carried on a gun-carriage, an unusual honor. The sanitary officer quarantined our camp for ten days; no wounded were received or sent out for that length of time.

On November 3, I was assigned to night duty and took charge of five huts, with thirty patients in each hut, three orderlies to assist me. The duty of these orderlies consisted of general care of the patients and keeping up the coal fires. There were two stoves in each hut as the nights are quite chilly in France. In the morning they brought in the hot water, washed the patients' hands and faces and then got the ward in order for breakfast. My duty was to attend to all necessary surgical dressings, hypodermics and temperatures. I was responsible for all orders and conditions of the one hundred and fifty patients that came under my care. When the convoys of wounded came into my section during the night, I admitted

them and recorded the name, the nature of wounds and the condition of every patient of the sixty or ninety received. Usually in the morning there would be an evacuation of wounded. At 6 o'clock they had to be ready for the hospital ship to England. This meant much work for all hands. Wounds were redressed and clean pajamas put on. Some were so badly shot that it took two orderlies and myself twenty minutes to get them into their traveling clothes. Breakfast was served at 5.30, consisting of porridge, bacon, bread, butter, and tea. No matter how much pain they had suffered during the night, the minute the night-sergeant announced that the hospital ship would sail for "Blighty" in the morning, Tommy's face would beam like the rays of the sun bursting through the storm clouds. Some of them had been in the trenches for eighteen months without seeing any of their family. My heart ached for one poor soldier who was sent back to Base Detail after he had given valuable service in the attack and taking of Hill 160; his wound was a slight scalp wound. He bade me good-bye with these words: "Sister, I would have gone back to the trenches with a better spirit if I had had a few days with the Misses and the kiddies. There are seven of them. The baby came after I left. God knows it may never see its father." These little happenings did not seem quite fair to us.

There were eleven sisters on the night force. All had the same number of patients under their care. My night duty ended on January 13, and I am happy to say that I enjoyed every minute of my service. Though we did work hard, I did not mind it a bit, in fact we derived a great deal of pleasure in serving these grateful boys, who never forget a kindness shown them. The Unit cared for British soldiers only. The French have their own hospitals, doctors and nurses; they take excellent care of their wounded.

A CORRECTION

The article entitled Teaching in a Training School for Nurses, published in the February JOURNAL, was wrongly credited to Adele S. Poston, who has written us that the author is Grace Watson, instructor at Bellevue Hospital, New York City. The manuscript was not signed by the writer, but was sent to the JOURNAL with Miss Poston's name attached, hence the error.